



50¢

THRILLING MURDER COMICS

NO. 1

TERRIFYING TALES OF
TOTAL
PARANOIA



"ADULTS"
ONLY

S. PEITCH

GARY ARLINGTON IS THRILLED TO PRESENT

THRILLING MURDER Featuring BLOODARAMA



IRONS 70

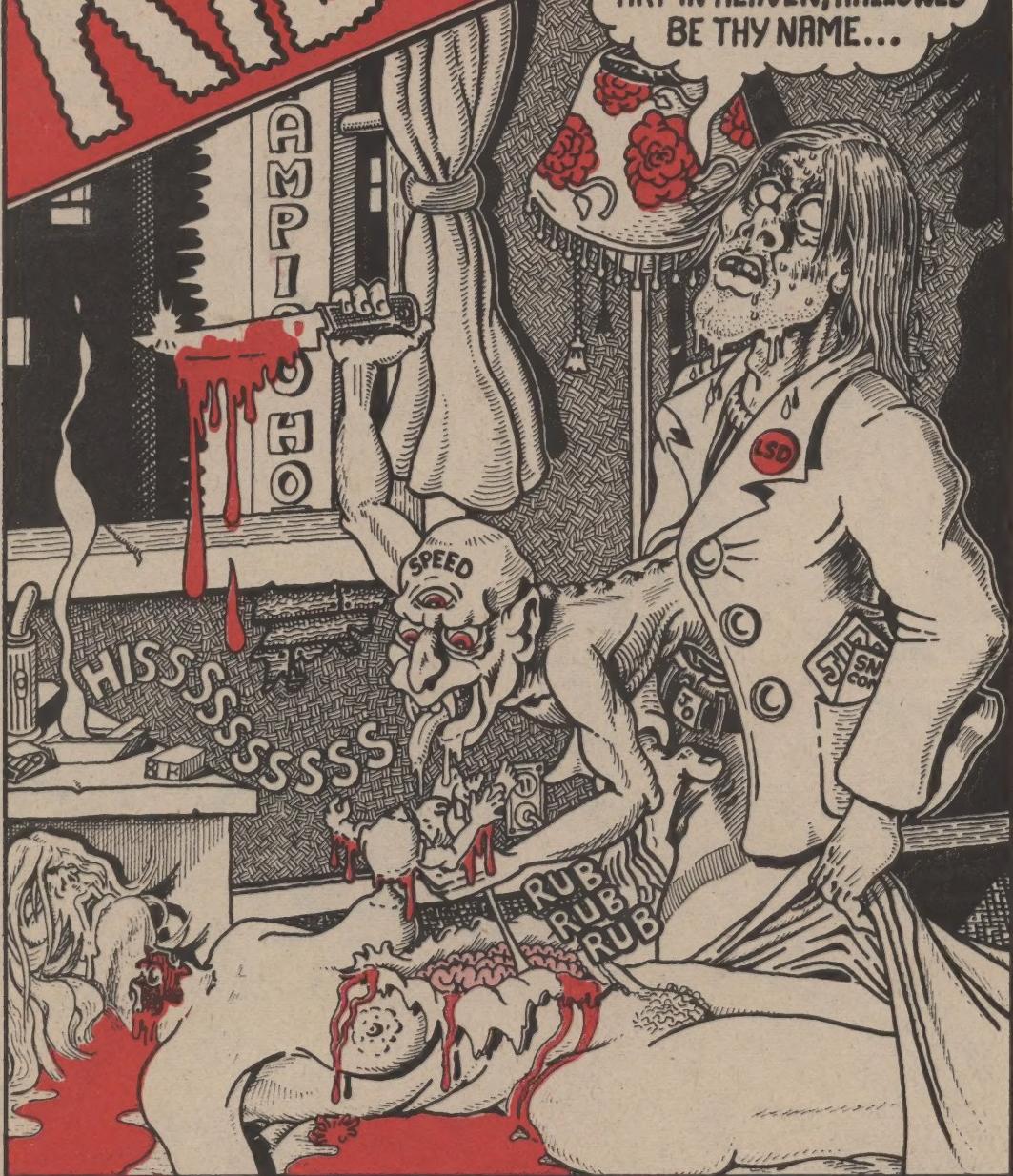
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GARY ARLINGTON
PROUDLY
PRESENTS

KIDNAPPIED

© J. OSBORNE

OUR FATHER, WHO
ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED
BE THY NAME...



ON A SURLY NORTH
BECHE NIGHT...



CHING!

NEW ISH OF
ROGUE IN
YET, CHAN?



NARW, JUST DUDE,
GENT, A FEW UNDER-
GROUND SHEETS,
AN' THIS HERE
COMIC MAG,
MR. FRANCISCO!



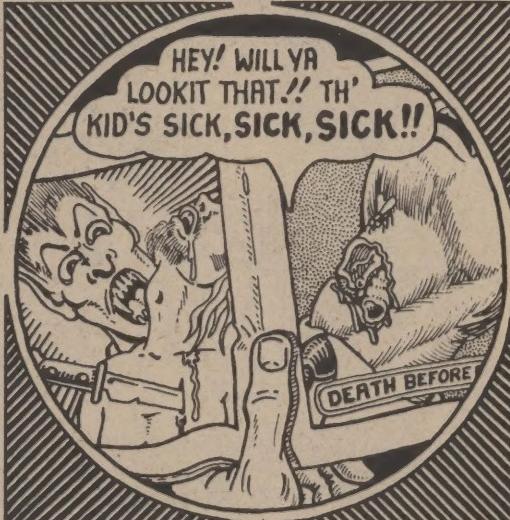
GREASY GOON
MAGAZOON, EH?
BY J. OSBORNE!



WHY, I REMEMBER
WHEN I USED TA
JOUNCE TH' LITTLE
JOKER ON MY KNEE!



HEY! WILLYA
LOOKIT THAT!! TH'
KID'S SICK, SICK, SICK!!



-ALWAYS KNEW TH'
PUNK'D TURN OUT
ROTEN!

THAT MOMENT, AT A TURK STREET
HOVEL DEEP WITHIN THE TENDERLOIN

'NUTHER DAMN
MORNING DEAD-
LINE :SIGH:



RIPPPP





LATER, ON THE STREET

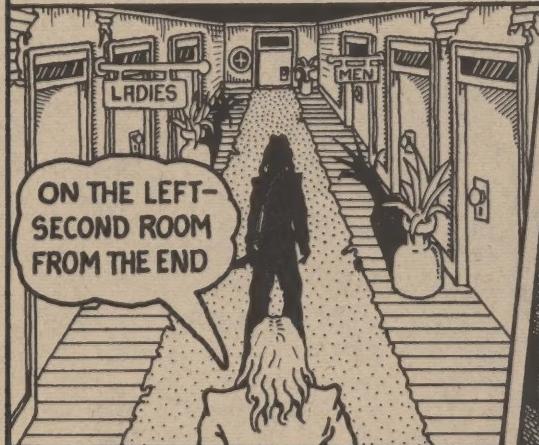


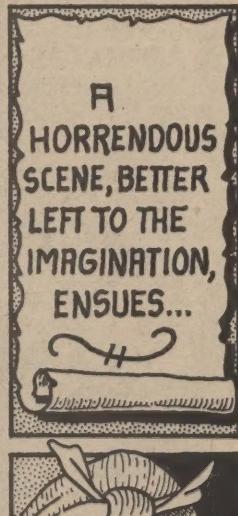
JUST BECAUSE THEY WERE BORN SEPARATE ENTITIES—
WITH LEGS! CRUSH THEIR SMUG LITTLE SMILES!

CRUSH 'EM.



ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF
THE FAMED HAUNT...





THE LAW HITS TH' SCENE

WHADDYA THINK,
FRISCO?

AIN'T SEEN
NOTHIN' LIKE IT
SINCE TH'
BRONCO RIMES
CAPER, CHIEF!

M.O. IS TH':PUF:
SAME AS IN TH'
:PUF: MURDER
OF THEM:PUF:
SIX OTHER
GRAVID DAMES

TORN THROATS, DIS-
EMBOWELMENT, DES-
TRUCTION OF THE
FETUS, OBSCENE
APHORISMS CARVED
ON THE BREASTS AN'
BUTTOCKS, ETC.

COULD BE TH' WORK
OF A MANIAC! ANYWAY,
THERE'S SOMETHIN'
FAMILIAR 'BOUT
TH' KILL...

-SO I'LL SLEEP
ON IT, CHIEF!

GUESS I'LL STOP IN
TH' GREASY SPOON
AN' GRAB A CUPPA
JAVA! ---HEY!!

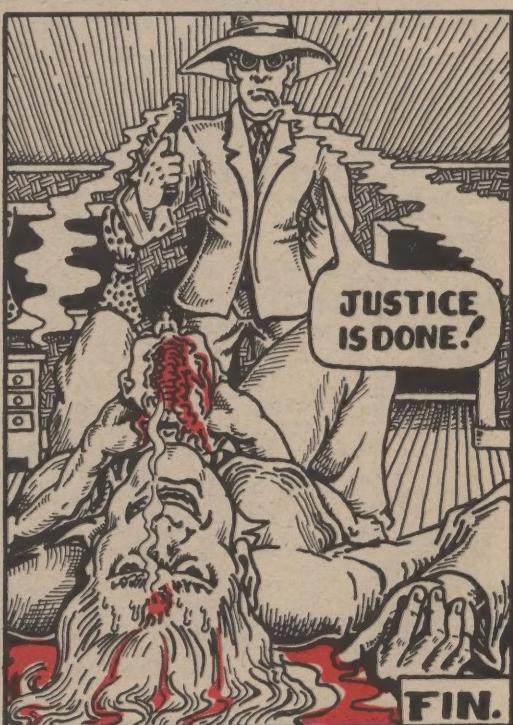
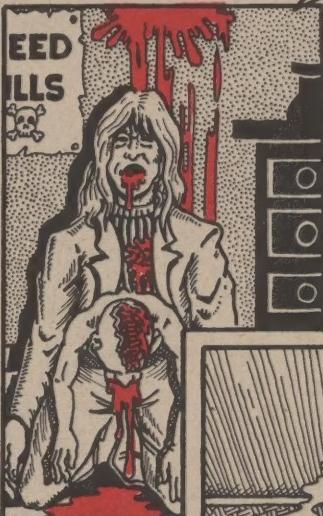
THAT'S IT!
GOON-GREASY
SPOON...
GREASY GOON
MAGAZOON!

HELLO-CLANCY? GIVE ME
A MAKE AND CURRENT
ADDRESS ON ONE
JAMES OSBORNE,
CLANDESTINE CAR-
TOONIST. I'LL WAIT!

SNAP!

PEA S1

51 MINUTES LATER...



MR. TOAD
in

A FINE WAY TO DIE



BONJOUR, MRS. COWSNOSKI! HEY, HOW'S THE OLD MAN TODAY?? LAST NIGHT HE WAS HAVIN' A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH SOME IRREGULAR VERBS.. HEH.. HEH.. QUITE A JOKER, THAT JAKE!



OH, YOU MEN!!
THE WAY YOU CARRY ON... DRINKING COLD
DUCK.. I SWEAR ONE OF
THESE DAYS.. AND IT WON'T
BE LONG... IT'LL BE YOUR
FUNERAL.. MARK MY WORDS, MR. TOAD!!



WHAT'VE
YOU GOT
THERE, MRS.
C.? BEEN SHOP-
PING THIS EARLY?
BUSY, BUSY, HUH?



YEAH,
TSK, TSK!

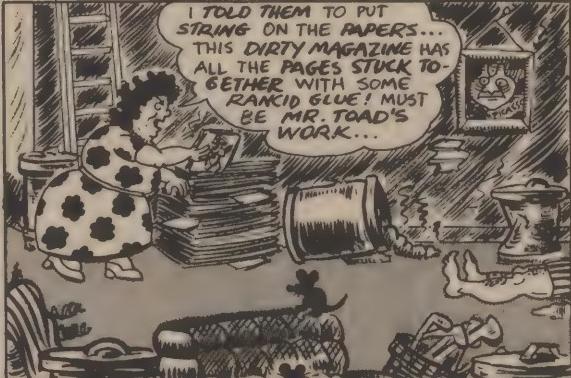


NOW, MR. TOAD
YOU KNOW IT'S
THE GARBAGE... I
TRY TO KEEP CLEAN
UNLIKE CERTAIN
PEOPLE I KNOW
IN THIS HOUSE!



AND WITH ALL THE
WONDERFUL CAREER
OPPORTUNITIES IN THIS
COUNTRY.. TSK.. YOU
JUST WASTE YOUR PRE-
CIOUS HERITAGE READ-
ING FRENCH NOVELS...

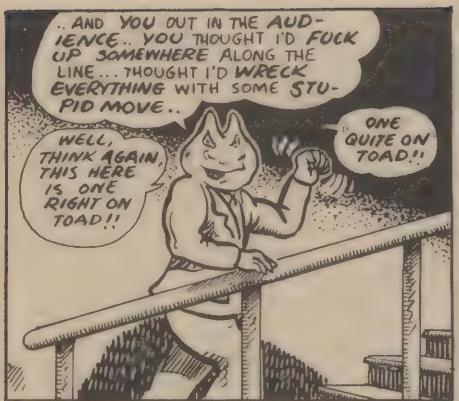






* ED. NOTE: ACTUALLY, MR. TOAD IS THAT GROSS. TWO WEEKS LATER HE CORN-HOLED MRS. C. IN THE HALLWAY, UNEXPECTEDLY.





SO DON'T GIVE ME THAT DISTRAUGHT WIDOW ACT!! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE SPENDING JAKE'S \$50,000 INSURANCE POLICY EITHER!!

YEAH?

WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER, SWEETHEART... WHATEVER HAPPENS... IF WE PLAY OUR CARDS RIGHT WE CAN COME UP SMELLING LIKE MAGNOLIAS.. ER, ROSES.

KEEP TALKING, TOAD...

WE COULD MAKE BEAUTIFUL MUSIC TOGETHER, MRS. C....

MM.

CLOMP!
CLOMP!

WHAT'S THAT?

IT SOUNDS LIKE JAKE'S FOOT-
STEPS...

NO...

..BUT IT CAN'T BE... IT... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

OF COURSE...

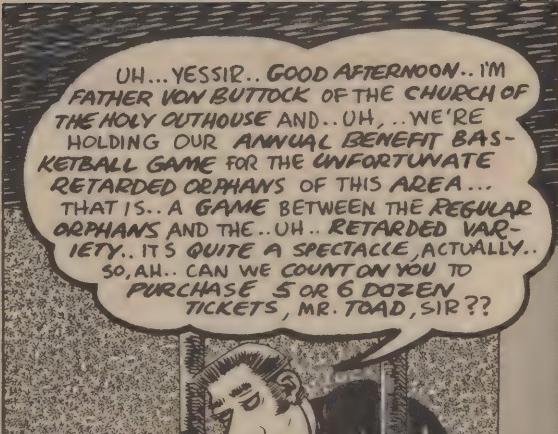
K-KEEP C-COOL
NOW... I'VE GOT
A P-PLAN..UH...

ARE YOU S-SURE
THEY EMPTIED
HIM?? HOW COULD
HE SURVIVE??

CLOMP!
CLOMP!

ULP!

BANG!
BAM!



MORAL: WHEN YOU'VE DONE SOMETHING YOU THINK IS RIGHT, STAND BEHIND IT, NO MATTER WHAT THE OTHER FELLOWS SAY!

THE PSYCHOPATHIC SOUTH SIDE BLADE-FREAKS CONFRONT RAZOR ANNIE AND HER COCAINE CHORUS OF CUTTERS...

CHOP AND CUT
HACK 'N' JAB

IT'S OVER
CUNT

YOU VILE
BITCH, HURK!

ROTHKO & WATSON

TASTE COLD STEEL
YOU DERANGED
TURD

FLURP

A
SHORT
OF
COKE
AND A
BLADE

WHURP

IT HURTS,
DON'T IT?

JESUS
CHRIST

SLISH

YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL
BUT BAD, BITCH..
HERE'S AN END TO
YOUR BLACK HEART.

PCK

SNUK

SNK

THE LOSER

©1970

A SHORT TALE OF A SMALL MAN by J. OSBORNE

FACED WITH A SHORT, STARK FUTURE, LEON MORONI REFLECTS ON A LONG BLEAK PAST: HIS 14 YEARS AS A DELIVERY BOY~THE DAY MAXINE WALKED INTO HIS LIFE~THE SHY, PROLONGED COURTSHIP~MARRIAGE AND A NEW JOB~2 HAPPY YEARS AS A SHOE CLERK~FOLLOWED BY 8 LOUSY YEARS OF WATCHING THE YOUNGER CLERKS CAPTURE ALL THE PROMOTIONS...



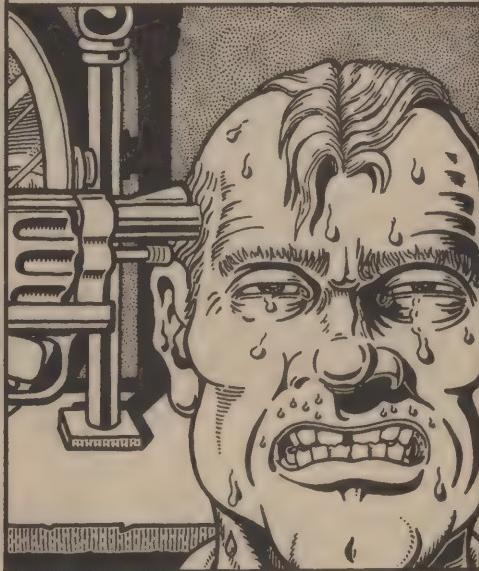
THEN MAXINE'S GOADING~HIS SIX KNEE KNOCKING REQUESTS FOR A RAISE~



THE VIOLENT ARGUMENTS AT HOME AFTER EACH REFUSAL~



THE DISMISSAL SLIP THAT ACCOMPANIED THIS MORNING'S PAY ENVELOPE~RETCHING IN THE STORE'S RESTROOM BEFORE TURNING IN HIS SHOE HORN~



THE BAR ON THE WAY HOME AND THE DRUNKEN BRAWL WITH MAXINE ~



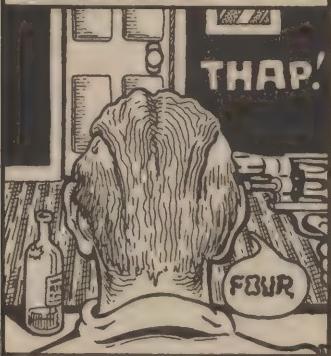
THE SLAP! ~ MAXINE'S HURRIED PACKING ~ THE SLAM OF THE FRONT DOOR ~



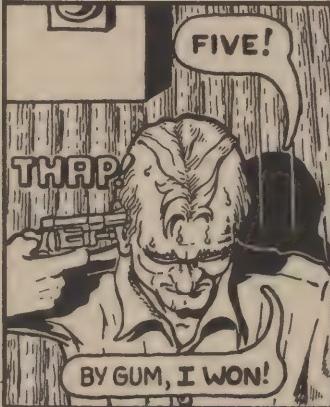
THE DISCOVERY OF THE HALF-FORGOTTEN PISTOL AND BOX OF OLD SHELLS IN THE OPEN BUREAU DRAWER ~



THE AIMLESS WANDERING THROUGH THE STREET ~ CHECKING INTO THE HOTEL ~ THEIR HONEY-MOON HOTEL ~



REQUESTING THIS ROOM ~ THE ROOM WHERE THEY CONSUMMATED THEIR...



ROTTEN TIME FOR A STREAK OF LUCK! — NEED A DRINK BEFORE ANOTHER SPIN!

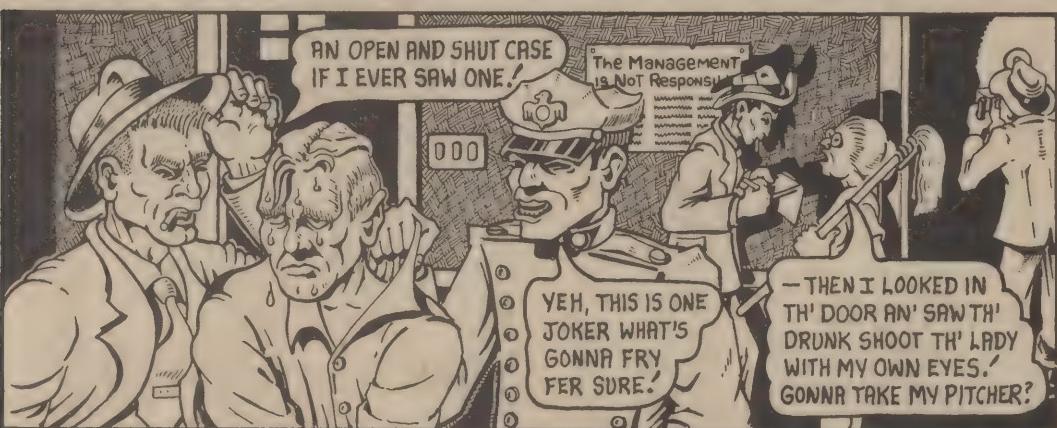


HANDS SHAKING SO — I CAN HARDLY HOLD — MUST — WHA??!!



MAXINE!





O.K. GRNG! THERE'S A LESSON TO BE LEARNED FROM THIS YARN! WHEN YOU'RE PLINKIN' IN YOUR ROOM OR BACK YARD WITH YOUR ZIP OR GAT, ALWAYS BE SURE TO USE YOUR OLD AMMO FIRST! A BOX OF OUT-OF-DATE AMMO OFTEN CONTAINS A FEW DUDS AND SOMETIMES, AS IN LEON'S CASE, A "DELAYED-FIRE" ROUND! YEP, LEON ACTUALLY LOST THAT FIFTH TRY—JUST TOOK A WHILE FOR THE POWDER TO PROPERLY IGNITE!—WELL, AT LEAST OL' LEON WON'T BE LONELY WHERE HE'S GOING — MAXINE'LL BE THERE—WAITING WITH OPEN ARMS!

HE'S HERE! HE'S HERE! AFTER NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY
YEARS OF BLASPHEMY AGAINST CHRIST... ALL THE SHAME... ALL THE
GUILT... THEY CAN'T HIDE
IT ANY LONGER! IT'S
THE SECOND
COMING!
IT'S...

JUNPIN JACK FLASH

I AM JACK
AND JACK IS ME
... ALL ARE ONE...
YOU ARE ME...
YOU ARE JACK...
CEASE TO EXIST.
KILL THE EGO...
BECOME NOTHING...
BECOME ME...

JACK FLASH
IS GOD!

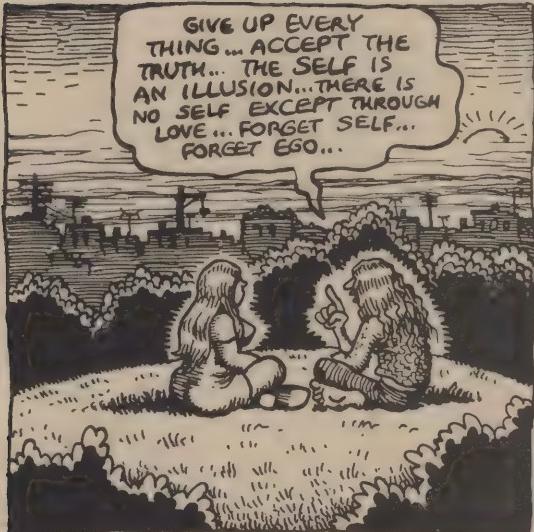
HE'S THE
ONLY REAL
MAN I
EVER
MET!

JACK
FLASH
IS
LOVE!

HE'S THE
ONE WHO
CAN SAVE
HUMANITY!

HE'S A
GAS
GAS
GAS!





JUMPIN' JACK FLASH



JUMPIN' JACK FLASH



AT ANY GIVEN MOMENT, A CHICKEN BITES THE DUST



AS DID THEIR NEIGHBOR,
ENFAMIL RASCOME

BAH!

BON JOUR
MON AMI!

LOOK AT
THAT! EET
EES DEE-
SKUSTING!

IT WAS
HOWEVER
THE EGG
TRADE THAT
WAS THE
REAL BED-
ROCK OF
ANDRE AND
BABETTE'S
SECURITY.
AND THE
CREDIT FOR
THAT, MUST
BE GIVEN
TO ANALISE,
THE MOLANGE,
FARM'S PRIZE
LAYER /

CERTAINLY NO ONE WAS
MORE AWARE OF THIS
THAN ENFAMIL RASCOME

MANY WAS THE NIGHT THAT ANDRE
PLUNGED THE RIGHTEOUSLY DELIGHTFUL
DEPTH OF BABETTE'S SWEET PUDDING.
LITTLE KNOWING THAT.....

GRUNT

ANDRE
ANDRE EET
EEZ SO GOOD

JUST OUTSIDE,
A COVETOUSLY JEALOUS
ENFAMIL LOOKED ON

SOMETHING
HAD TO GIVE,
AND ON JULY
12, 1937, IT
DID CHUCKLE

SLURP
SLURGLE
SLOSH

MOAN

THE
LUCKY
PEEG!

THAT NIGHT, ENFAMIL, DRINK-
ING HARD, AS WAS HIS FASHION,

BECAME ENFLAMED
WITH CARNAL IDEAS!

BAH THEES EES
STOOPEED!

THUD!

I MUSHT HAVE
THE REAL THEENG!

IT WAS THE WINE TALKIN
FOR SURE, BUT WHAT HAP-
PENED NEXT, WAS REAL
ENOUGH!

WITH ALL THE SKILL AND STEALTH OF A BORN FIEND, ENFAMIL ENTERED THE MOLANGE DOMAIN!



AND ANDRE? ALAS, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, HE WAS FIVE MILES AWAY, A FEATURED SPEAKER AT AN ANNUAL EGG PRODUCE AFFAIR



BUT NOT SO BABETTE. FEELING A BIT UNDER THE WEATHER, SHE ELECTED TO FORGO THE EVENT IN QUESTION, AND RETIRE EARLY THAT EVENING



THUS AT THE FATEFULL HOUR, SHE WAS HOME, ALONE, ASLEEP, IN BED!



THE PERVERTED ACT TAKING PLACE UNDER HIS NOSE WAS AN OUTRAGE TO ALL HIS SENSIBILITIES

ENFAMIL! ANALISE!

ANDRE MON AMI! LET ME EXPLAIN

WAH!

WELL, BABETTE WHO SLEPT THROUGH EVERYTHING, WAS NO HELP AT ALL.

ANDRE HOW COULD YOU DO THEES THEENG (sob)

BABETTE, I CAN EXPLAIN!

REMAINED SILENT

SURELY MONSIEUR, YOU DO NOT EXPECT US TO BELEIVE THEES LIE!

AND ANALISE, WHO'D HAD MANY A YOUNG COCK PLUCKED FROM HER, AND BRUTALLY MURDERED BEFORE HER VERY EYES BY ANDRE,

THUNK

AH THE SUN,
SHE EEZ SO
BEAUTIFUL

AS A DIRECT RESULT,..ON AUGUST 28,
1937 ANDRE MOL-LANGE CALMLY
MET HIS END.

FOR YOU ANALISE, I WOULD DO EET AGAIN!

HE MUSED TO HIMSELF, AS HIS HEAD ROLLED DAINTILY INTO A WAITING WICKER BASKET.

FIN

IN THE GLOOM OF NOTE

THAT'S IT MISTER VERMICELLI
YOU SHINE YOUR SHOES REAL
GOOD

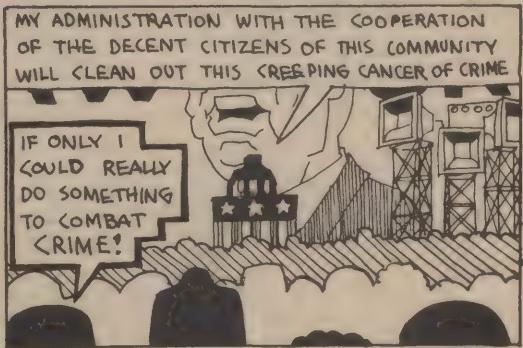
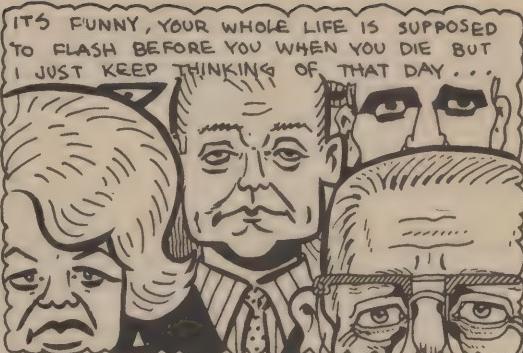
MR. MR.

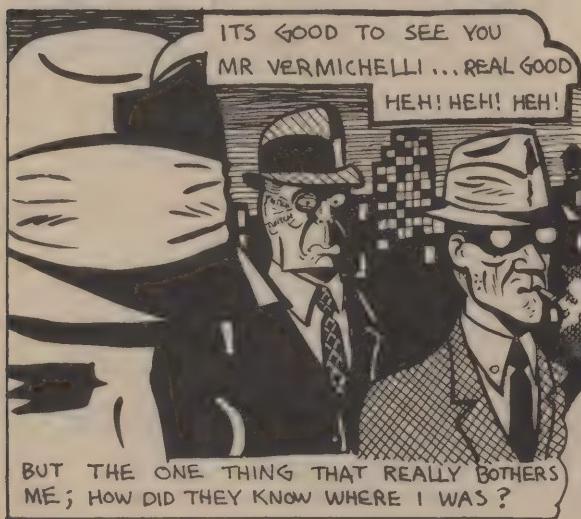
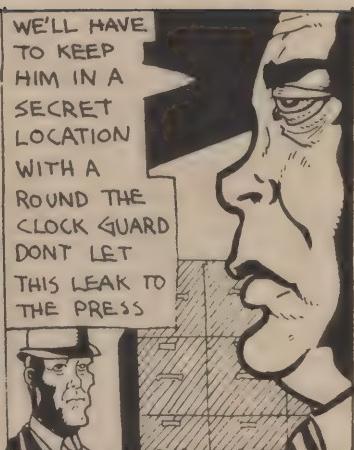
FLIP
FLIP
FLIP

HERE THIS SUIT LOOKS
NICE WHY DON'T YOU
WEAR THIS
SUIT?

SO YOU DIDN'T THINK
WE'D FIND YOU EH,
MISTER VERMICELLI

NOW COMB YOUR HAIR, THAT'S
IT, YOU LOOK REAL NICE
MR. VERMICELLI





SOMETHING WILL HAPPEN, OH DEAR GOD! I KNOW IT WILL. THESE FILTHY CRIMINALS WILL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT

YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND MR VERMICHELLI ITS NOT US...







S. DEITCH 70

ANOTHER DEMENTED SCAN FROM

THE DREGS

